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## A CAMPAIGN SONG.

Ann—The Old Granite State.

Our banner now is streaming,  
And on its folds is gleaming,  
A name with honor beaming,  
From the Old Granite State;  
That name shall be our rally,  
The first from which we rally,  
And we'll not forget the tally,  
When November comes around.

Come round our standard gather,  
It shall float in every weather,  
And we'll shout about together,  
For the Old Granite State;  
Her son shall be the story,  
And we'll all protect her glory,  
As we join the peaceful glory,  
With our leader in the van.

We have set the ball in motion,  
And we'll make a great commotion,  
With this latest "Yankee notion"  
From the Old Granite State;  
Oh! the Democratic party,  
Is very stout and hearty,  
Is very stout and hearty,  
In every sister State.

We are ready for the battle,  
And we'll "go it" with a rattle,  
For we've got the purest mettle,  
From the Old Granite State;  
You may see the fire already,  
Is burning bright and steady,  
And the boys are growing ready,  
As they wheel into the ranks.

The Baltimore Convention,  
Just stopped and said "attention,"  
With it made a modest mention  
Of the Old Granite State;  
In a moment there was roaring,  
The name of Pierce was soaring,  
And a peal of joy was pouring,  
Like a wave around the Hall.

We are all for the Union,  
For the old happy Union,  
That has long in blest communion,  
Held the noble band of States;  
And we'll together ever,  
And not think shall sever,  
But we'll stronger make the tether  
That binds us all in one.

We must not forget another,  
A true and faithful brother,  
And he claims as his mother,  
The Alabama State;  
He has stood upon the tower,  
A sentinel of power,  
Through many a trying hour,  
In the Democratic ranks.

So we'll put them both together,  
And they'll skin the hill and heather,  
Like a bird upon the feather,  
Through the whole United States.  
Our watchword now is ringing,  
For Pierce and King we're singing,  
And around them we're flinging,  
The mantle of the strong.

Then peal aloud the cheering,  
There is victory appearing,  
In him who had his cheering,  
In the old Granite State;  
Oh! we'll shout him all creation,  
When we put him in his station,  
The ruler of the nation,  
From a Yankee Doodle State.

## DEMOCRATIC SONG.

BY DOCTOR REYNOLDS.

Support brave boys the good old cause,  
That made our country glorious;  
The men who'll guard the people's laws,  
We must return victorious.  
Not that, no fraud, no democrat  
From Freedom's ranks shall sever;  
The whigs, we'll lay them low and flat;  
And keep them so for ever.

Count on them all in chorus singing,  
With feeling warm and hearty,  
Hurrah for Pierce and King!  
The champions of our party.

The native faction cling to Scott,  
The money men are Daniels;  
The custom house, a hungry lot,  
Are Fillmore's yelping spaniels.  
To rule o'er a freeman, what a set,  
Our common sense, they shock it;  
"Scott's brains are in his epaulettes,"  
And Webster's in his pocket.

Quartzes—Then let us, de,  
Away with Fillmore, tame and weak—  
With Scott, whose station's bother—  
With Webster, who when paid can speak  
For one side first, then the other.  
With Pierce, New Hampshire's gallant son,  
Let mountain ring and valley;  
With Alabama's gifted one,  
Quartzes—Then let us, de.

Those heroes of that good old school,  
Which Polk and Jackson gave us,  
Are men who'll spread Columbia's rule,  
O'er foes that Whigs let brave us.  
Soon Mexico shall "clear the way,"  
And England learn good manners,  
When Pierce and King our state shall sway,  
And guide Columbia's banners.

Quartzes—Then let us, de,  
Procession of the A.C.—A company of  
"American Ethiopian Serenaders," are giving  
concerts at Calcutta, India.

The Boston Courier reiterates its  
doubt that the liquor law cannot be enforced  
either in Rhode Island or Massachusetts.  
Considerable resistance is made.

Last week, at a Democratic meeting  
in Columbia, Tenn., James R. Shelton, who  
has been, as the Herald, of that town says,  
a full-blooded Whig for thirty years, made  
a speech, announcing that he would not  
vote for Scott "no way it could be fixed."

Hon. Robert Rantoul's life was insured  
at the British Life Insurance Company,  
in Boston, for \$10,000. A pretty good life  
for the afflicted.

## THE TWO CARPENTERS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Bracket and Ludlow Weston were  
apprentices to a carpenter by the name of  
Jones White. They were nearly of the  
same age—about nineteen and they were  
both of them remarkably good disposition,  
and withal, very punctual at their work. Mr.  
White was a kind, indulgent man, and his  
workmen had no occasion to complain of  
his requirements.

"Charley," said Ludlow Weston, one  
evening after they had closed their labor,  
upon a house that Mr. White was erecting,  
"let us have a ride this evening."  
"But why?"

"No," returned Charles Bracket, as he  
removed his apron. The answer was short,  
but yet it was kindly spoken.  
"Come, do," urged Ludlow. "It will be  
a beautiful evening and we can, have a first-  
rate time. Won't you go?"

"I cannot, Lud,"  
"But why?"  
"Because I am otherwise engaged, and  
besides I have not the money to spare."  
"Never mind the engagement, but come  
along and I will pay the expenses."  
"If I ever join with a companion in any  
pastime that involves pecuniary expense, I  
shall always pay my share; but this evening,  
Lud, I have an engagement with myself."

"Ah, what can it be, Charley?"  
"I borrowed a book of Mr. White, a few  
days since, and as I finished it, I desire to  
do so as soon as possible, so I must devote  
this evening to reading."

"And what is the subject, pray?" asked  
Ludlow.  
"The History of Architecture," returned  
Charles Bracket.  
"O, ball! Such dry stuff as that!"  
"It's not dry; I assure you Lud,"  
"It may not be to you, but it is to me—  
What, poring over architecture all night  
while working hard at it all day?"

"Yes," returned Charles, "because I am  
thus enabled to learn more of the different  
branches of our business."  
"Well," said Ludlow, with a slight toss of  
the head, for my part I learn full as much  
about the carpenter's trade at my work as I  
shall ever find out for. I don't see the use,  
after a poor fellow has been tied up to  
mortises, grooves, sills, rafters, sleepers, and  
such matters, all day long, to dry away the  
night in studying the stuff all over again."

"Ah Lud," replied Charles Bracket, "you  
don't take the right view of the matter—  
Every man makes himself honorable in a  
peculiar business, just so far as he understands  
that business thoroughly, and applies himself  
to its perfection. It is not the calling or trade  
that makes the man but it is the honest enter-  
prise with which that calling is followed—  
In looking about for a business that should  
give me a support through life, I hit upon  
and chose the one in which we are now both  
engaged, and when I did so, I resolved that  
I would make myself useful in it. We have  
something besides mere physical strength to  
employ and cultivate: we have a mind that  
must labor at something. Now, physical la-  
bor alone is tedious and unthankful; but when  
we combine the mental and physical, and  
make them assist each other, then we find  
labor a source of comfort."

"Really, Charley, you are quite a philoso-  
pher, and I suppose what you say is true;  
but then I should like to know if it don't  
require some mental labor to keep up with  
the instructions of our boss now? I declare it  
keeps me thinking pretty sharply."

"That may be," said Charles, "but after  
all the only mental labor you perform is  
memory. You only remember Mr. White's  
instructions, and then follow them, and in so  
doing, you learn nothing but the mere meth-  
od of doing the work you are engaged on.  
For instance you know how long to make  
the rafters of the house we are now building,  
and you know how to let them into the  
plates; but do you know the philosophical  
reasons of all this? Do you know why you  
are required to perform your work after given  
rules?"

"I know that I am to do it, and that when  
I am of age I shall be paid for doing it, and  
I know how to do it. That is enough," an-  
swered Ludlow, with much emphasis.  
"It is not enough for me," said Charles.  
"Every piece of mechanism has a science in  
its composition, and I would be able to  
comprehend that science so as to apply it,  
perhaps, to other uses. I short, Lud, I  
would be master of my business."

"And so would I," said you Charley,  
I believe I could frame a house now."  
"Such an one as you have been taught to  
build, Lud."

"Certainly. Everybody must be taught  
at first.  
"True and everybody may gain improve-  
ment upon the instructions of others by self-  
culture."

"Then you won't go to ride this evening?"  
said Ludlow, as they reached their boarding-  
house.  
"No."  
Here the conversation ended. That evening  
Ludlow Weston hired a horse and chaise,  
and went to ride; while Charles Bracket be-  
took himself to his room, and was soon deep-  
ly interested in his History of Architecture.  
Some parts he would read for several times  
so as to thoroughly comprehend them and  
occasionally he would take notice, and copy  
some of the drawings. Before he retired to  
his rest, he had finished the book; and when  
he arose the next morning, the subject of  
his study was fresh and vivid in his mind,  
and he felt happy and satisfied with him-  
self.

"Ah, Charley, I had a glorious time last  
night," said Ludlow Weston, with a heavy  
yawn, as the two apprentices met before  
breakfast.  
"So did I," returned Charles.  
"At your dry books, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I don't envy you. Egad, Charley,  
the recollections of last night's ride and sup-  
per will give me enjoyment for a month."

"And the recollections of my last night's  
study may benefit me for a life time."  
"Bah!" said Ludlow. But the very man-  
ner in which he uttered it showed that he  
did not exactly mean it.  
A month had passed away, and it was  
Saturday morning.

"Charley," said Ludlow Weston, "we  
have not got to work this afternoon. Now,  
what do you say in joining the party on the  
pond? We have got the boats engaged,  
and we are going to have a capital time—  
I'm going to carry Sophia, and you must take  
Mary and go with us."

"I am sorry that I must disappoint you,  
Lud; but the old professor at the academy,  
as he has no school this afternoon, has prom-  
ised to give me some assistance in my studies  
in mensuration, and it would be a disappoint-  
ment both to him and myself to miss the op-  
portunity."

"So, better your mensuration. Come a-  
long, Mary Waters will think you are really  
men, for Sophia Cross will be sure to tell  
her what a fine time she had with me."

"No, Mary won't, returned Charles. "After  
I have finished my lessons, I am going  
to take a horse and chaise, and carry her out  
to visit her sick aunt, where we shall spend  
the Sabbath. However, I hope you will  
have a good time, and I believe you will,  
too."

Mary Waters and Sophia Cross were both  
of them good girls, and they really loved  
the youth, whose attentions they were re-  
spectfully receiving. Charles and Ludlow  
had already talked of marriage, and they  
looked forward to that important event with  
much promise of joy, and all who knew them  
had reason to believe that they would make  
good husbands.

Thus time glided away. Both of the  
young men had by some money, and they  
were both steady at their work, but Charles  
pursued his studies with unremitting dili-  
gence, while Ludlow could never see any  
use in a more carpenter's properties, areas  
of figures, volumes of solids, mathematical  
roots and powers, trigonometry, and a thou-  
sand other things that his companion spent  
so much over.

Two years were soon swallowed up in the  
vortex of time, and Charles and Ludlow were  
hired by their old master and for several  
months they worked on in the town where  
Mr. White resided. Ludlow Weston was  
married to Sophia Cross, and they boarded  
with the bride's mother.

"Aunt you ever going to get married?"  
asked Ludlow, as he and Charles went to  
work together.  
"As soon as I can get a house to put a  
wife into," quietly returned Charles.

"Why you can hire one at any time."  
"I know that; but I wish to own one."  
"Then poor Mary Waters will have to wait  
a long time for a husband, I'm thinking."  
"Perhaps so," Charles said, with a smile.  
Then Ludlow whistled a tune as he con-  
tinued his work.

"Boys," said Mr. White, as he came into  
his shop one morning, where Charles and  
Ludlow were at work, "we are soon likely  
to have a job in S—." The new State House  
is going up as soon as the committee can  
procure a suitable plan and I shall have an  
opportunity to contract for a good share of  
the carpenter's work."

"Good! We shall have a change of air,"  
said Ludlow, in a merry tone, and he left  
that evening Charles took his paper from  
the post-office, and in it he found advertise-  
ment calling for an architectural plan for the  
new State House. He went home, locked  
himself up in his room and devoted half the  
night to intense thought and study. The next  
day he procured a large sheet of fine drawing  
paper, and after supper he again betook him-  
self to his room, where he drew out his table,  
spread his paper and then taking his case  
of mathematical instruments, he set himself  
about his task. For a whole week he work-  
ed every night till twelve or one o'clock,  
and at the end of that time, his job was  
finished. He rolled his sheet of paper care-  
fully up in a substantial wrapper, and en-  
trusted it to the care of the stage-driver,  
to be delivered at its destination in the city  
of S—.

Nearly three weeks rolled away, and  
Charles began to fear that his labors had  
been useless. It was just after dinner. Mr.  
White and his men had commenced work,  
when four gentlemen entered the shop, whose  
very appearance at once bespoke them to be  
men of high standing in society.

"Is there a Mr. Charles Bracket here?"  
asked one of them.  
"That is the man, sir," returned Mr.  
White, pointing to where Charles, in his  
checked apron and paper cap was at work.  
The stranger seemed a little surprised as he  
turned his eyes upon the youth, and a  
shade of doubt dwelt upon his features.

"Is your name Bracket, sir?" he asked as  
he went up to where the young man stood.  
"It is sir," replied Charles, trembling  
with strong excitement.  
"Did you draw this plan?" continued the  
stranger, opening a roll he held in his hand.  
"I did, sir," answered Charles, as he at  
once recognised his work.

"Every part of it, sir."  
The stranger eyed the young carpenter  
with a wondering look, and so did the gen-  
tlemen who accompanied him. Mr. White  
and Ludlow Weston wondered what it all  
meant.

"Well, sir," at length said he who held  
the plan, "I am not a little surprised that  
one like you should have designated and  
drawn this; but nevertheless, you are a lucky  
man. Your plan has been accepted in every  
feature, and recommendations have all  
been adopted."

The effect of this announcement upon  
Charles Bracket was like an electric shock.  
Objects seemed to swim before his eyes,  
and he gazed at the edge of the bench for  
support.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. White, "I do not  
understand this, what does it all mean?"  
"It means, sir, that this young man has  
designed a complete and perfect architectural  
plan for the new State House, and that it  
has been adopted unanimously by the com-  
mittee from among fifty others which they  
have received from different parts of the  
country."

"Charles," uttered the old carpenter,  
wiping a pride-sent tear from his cheek as  
he gazed upon his former apprentice, "when  
did you do this?"  
"Three weeks ago, sir."

"And that's what kept you up so late  
every night for a whole week?"  
"Yes, sir."

"There's a powerful genius there, sir,"  
said the president of the committee.  
"Ay," returned Mr. White, "and there  
has been deep and powerful application there,  
too. Charles Bracket has been with me  
from a boy, sir, and every moment of his  
leisure time has been devoted to the most in-  
tense study."

The gentlemen looked kindly, flatteringly  
upon the young man, and then turning to  
Mr. White, he said:  
He has not only given us the design, but  
as you can see, he has calculated to a nicety  
the number of bricks, the surface of stone,  
the quality of lumber, the weight, length,  
size of the frame, the required iron, as well  
as the quantity of other materials, and the  
cost of construction. It is a valuable docu-  
ment."

Ludlow Weston was dumb. He hung  
down his head, and thought of the contempt  
he had cast upon his companion's studies.  
"Mr. Bracket," continued the visitor, "I  
am authorized by the State committee to pay  
you one thousand dollars for this design, and  
also to offer you ten dollars per day so long  
as the building is in course of construction  
for your services and superintending archi-  
tect. The first named sum I will pay you  
today, and before I leave, I would like to have  
from you an answer to the committee's propo-  
sition."

Before the delegation returned to S—,  
Charles had received his thousand dollars  
cash, and accepted the offer for superintend-  
ing the erection of the State House.  
"Ah, Charles," said Ludlow Weston, af-  
ter they had finished their supper, you have  
indeed chosen the wisest part. I had no  
such thought that a carpenter could be such  
a man."

"And why not a carpenter as well as any  
one? It only requires study and applica-  
tion."  
"That all men are not like you."

"Because all men don't try. Let a man  
set his eyes upon the honorable point, and  
then follow it steadily, unwaveringly, and  
he will be sure to reach it. All men may  
not occupy the same sphere, and it would  
not be well that they should; but there are  
few who may not reach to a degree of hono-  
rable eminence in any trade or profession,  
no matter how humble it may be."

"I believe you are right, Charles; but it is  
too late for me to try now. I shall never be  
anything but a journeyman."  
"I will own, Ludlow, that you have wast-  
ed the best part of your life for study; but  
there is yet time and opportunity for retrieval."

Ludlow did try, and he studied; and he  
improved much, but he was unable to recall  
the time he had wasted. He had now a family  
upon his care; and he had to depend alto-  
gether upon his hands for support, he could  
not work much with his mind.

Charles Bracket saw the building he had  
planned entirely finished, and he received  
the highest eulogiums of praise from the  
chief officers of the State. Business flower-  
ed upon him, and ere many years Bracket  
the architect, was known throughout the  
Union. When he led Mary Waters to the  
nuptial altar he did own one of the pret-  
tiest houses in his native town, nor did "poor  
Mary" have to wait long either.

There is a deep moral in the foregoing  
for our young mechanical readers, and we  
have no doubt they have seen this discovered it.

"Fire in the Rear."  
The Hillsborough Gazette mentions, as  
one of the political "signs of the times," that  
Hon. J. Winslow Price, of that place, a  
most able and efficient stump in 1843, for  
Gen. Taylor, has publicly declared his determi-  
nation to support the nominees of the  
Democratic, Free-Trade and Know-Nothing  
Party, as a speaker, and if he can be induced  
to take the stump, will be powerfully efficient  
in promoting the success of the Democracy,  
in this part of the State.

Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite  
to create a "happy home." Integrity must  
be the architect, and tidiness the upholster-  
er. It must be warm by affection, and light-  
ed up by the cheerfulness, and industry  
must be the ventilator; renew the atmosphere  
and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day;  
while over all as a protecting glory and em-  
pire, nothing will suffice except the blessing  
of God.

SHE IS GETTING DESPERATE.—A girl out  
west who became tired of single blessedness,  
thus writes to her intended:  
"Dear Jim:—I am rife if you're comin'  
at all, as Silie Holmes is insistent that I shall  
have him, and he hugs and kisses me so  
continually that I can't hold out any longer.  
I must have a feller before next winter, for  
I can't stand it any longer. Your flame."  
JELIA ANN.

An old woman observed a sailor  
going by her door, supposing it to be her son  
Billy, cried out to him:  
"Billy, where is my cow gone?"  
The sailor replied in a contemptuous man-  
ner:  
"Gone to the d—d—I, for what I know."

"Well as your going that way," said the  
old woman, "I wish you would just let down  
the bars."

"Julius," what is a paralogism?"  
"A party what?"  
"A paralogism, Mr. Snow is produced  
by subtracting der surface of a triangle  
from de equilibrium of half de radish. Do  
you understand?"

"Of course I do. I only axed to see  
how much de negger know'd."

A REMARKABLE CHAMBERMAID.—A notice  
of a recent steamboat explosion closes as fol-  
lows:  
"The captain swam ashore. So did the  
chambermaid. She was insured for \$16,  
000 and loaded with iron."

## Scott and the Quakers.

Two gentlemen of the Society of Friends  
wrote to Mr. FILLMORE, while in Congress,  
to use his influence to procure the discharge  
of one Jas. Thompson from the Army. These  
letters were referred to the Commander in  
Chief—Gen. Scott—who replied in the fol-  
lowing strain:

My Dear Sir: I have received the two  
letters (one from Rev. Mr. Angler, and the  
other signed by Mr. Van Wyck) asking: on  
several grounds, the discharge of James  
Thompson, a private in the second reg-  
iment of artillery. 1st. He has, since his en-  
listment, reformed his habits. This is an  
argument in favor of his serving out his time  
lest he should relapse, if discharged, before  
conformed in his reformation—military dis-  
cipline highly favors reformation. 2d. He  
has become pious. This makes him at once  
a better soldier and a better man, and for-  
tunately we are not without many pious officers  
and men in our ranks; but 3d. It is alleged  
that he has imbibed conscientious scruples  
against performing military duty. If the  
man be mad, he can be discharged on a sur-  
geon's certificate to that effect—but if he has  
only turned coward, we have ample means  
of punishing him if he should when ordered,  
refuse to fight. I return the letters you en-  
close, and remain, my dear sir,  
With great esteem, yours truly,  
WINFIELD SCOTT.

HON. M. FILLMORE.  
Characteristic of the Man.  
Mr. E. DeCamp, now a highly respectable  
merchant of Bayville, Pike county, Illinois,  
has related an incident in his own history,  
which goes a long way toward developing  
the genuine character of the present Whig  
candidate for the Presidency. The particu-  
lars were given in the Quincy, Illinois, Her-  
ald:

"Some years ago, about the time of the  
close of the Black Hawk war, Gen. Scott  
was descending the Mississippi in a barge,  
with some soldiers. He stopped at Clark-  
sville in Missouri, and their hired Mr. De-  
Camp for fifteen dollars, to pilot the barge to  
St. Louis. The company left Clarksville in  
the evening, but by a part of the night, and  
were until late next morning reaching Alton.  
During the day Mr. DeCamp was suffered to  
go without a mouthful of food, though Gen.  
Scott himself suffered symptoms, and upon ar-  
riving at Alton ordered supper. When pre-  
pared, the landlord notified the respective  
parties that the table was in readiness. Gen.  
Scott took his seat, and although he must  
have been aware that Mr. DeCamp had  
nothing to eat during the day, yet when he  
went to sit down, the General ordered him  
from the table, and directed the landlord to  
prepare him something to eat in the corner of  
the room by himself. Mr. DeCamp, who was  
an old pioneer, and a high spirited and  
honorable man, properly started to be treat-  
ed as a degraded being, and left the house.  
Governor Reynolds, the "Old Hunter," who  
was with Gen. Scott, was highly indignant  
at this treatment of Mr. DeCamp."

The real object of education is to  
give children resources that will endure as  
long as life endures; habits that will amelio-  
rate, not destroy; occupation that will render  
sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age  
venerable, life more dignified and useful,  
and death less terrible.

UNBELIEF.—I would rather dwell in the  
dim fog of superstition, than in the air filled  
to nocking by the air-pump of unbelief, in  
which the panting breath expires, vainly and  
conclusively gasping for breath.

SEVERE DROUGHT IN OHIO.—We learn  
from the Dayton Gazette that the Miami  
valley is suffering sadly from the absence of  
rain. The pastures in many places are burnt  
up; and many of the streams are falling.  
The corn between Dayton and Cincinnati  
appears to be beyond the benefit of rain; the  
under-leaves are dead, and the top leaves  
are rolled up. At best other crops cannot be  
much more than half a crop of this staple  
in the Miami valley. The stock of old  
corn on hand will be likely to advance in  
price, as the prospects of the new crop be-  
comes apparent.

ALLGHEMY VALLEY RAILROAD.—The en-  
gineers are busily engaged in locating this  
road. When last heard from, they had  
progressed six miles from Pittsburgh, and  
found the line perfectly level and nearly  
straight, and the labor necessary to prepare  
it for superstructure quite light. The road  
appears to be quite a favorite in Pittsburgh  
and Northern Pennsylvania.

HE' RE AGAIN!—He who attribute faint  
to General Pierce, through cowardice, or  
fear of battle, is no paltrion, whom it were  
base flattery to call a coward.—New York  
Mirror, [Whig]

Good.  
The Mirror, a Whig paper in New York,  
thus pitches into the notorious Know-  
Nothingism: "Gibbelin Robinson, after demolishing  
Gen. Pierce, winds up a Liberatorian tribute  
to Gen. Scott, with the following unfortu-  
nate quotation:  
"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page  
Thou more than conqueror?"  
We consider the quotation unfortunate,  
because the line completed runs thus:  
"Thou more than conqueror, and less than  
angel."

THAT FLEECE OF WOOL, from JOHN Mc-  
FADDEN, of Cadiz, was quite as good as the  
sample which we noticed from his flock  
some time ago. It took our good woman by  
surprise to have her wish gratified so easily,  
and now she is in the hunt of a "big wheel,"  
and declares the stocking yarn shall be  
forthcoming before cold weather nips the  
fleece of the little HARRISSES.—Ohio Culti-  
vator.

## Scott and Taylor Contrasted.

The Portland (Maine) Argus, in refer-  
ence to the silly statement of the whigs that  
there was as much trouble about Taylor's  
nomination as Scott says:  
"Taylor had all the whigs of the South.  
Scott has hardly enough of them to make a  
corpsal's guard."

Taylor professed to be a no-party man,  
and so took a good many easy minded dem-  
ocrats. Scott is an out and out whig, and  
cannot therefore expect to go beyond strict  
party vote.

Taylor was in the hands of men in whom  
both North and South, of the whig party, had  
confidence. Scott is under the control of  
Seward and Greeley, and others of the milk  
and molasses hue, on whom nobody has the  
slightest faith.

Taylor had the advantage of a wide spread  
disaffection in the democratic ranks at the  
North. Scott has to meet those ranks reu-  
nited.

Taylor was all things to all men, Scott  
was "nothing to nobody."  
In short, Taylor whipped by the force of  
union and lumping. Scott will be whipped  
by the force of union in spite of lumping."

The Cost of our Government.  
The Whig administration of Gen. TAYLOR  
and Mr. FILLMORE has cost country, in time  
of profound peace "with all the world and  
the rest of mankind," so much of the dol-  
lar for internal improvements, the enormous sum  
of \$65,442,431.00 per annum! Just look  
at it. That sum is—  
\$4,623,266.75 per month!  
1,065,301.55 per week!  
132,344.59 per day!!!  
6,317.43 per hour!!!!  
105.77 per minute!!!!  
1.76 per second!!!!!!

Nearly two dollars spent at every ticking  
of the clock! That is more money than  
half a dozen men could count, (if it were  
all in dollars,) working ten hours a day.  
The expenditures during Mr. Polk's ad-  
ministration, in time of war, were \$43,937,  
916.52 per annum. The whigs, ex, end in  
time of peace nearly one third more.—Indi-  
ana Sentinel.

ASTHORE FOR POTASH.—Mustard is one of  
the best, and always one of the most conve-  
nient articles to be used when poison is ta-  
ken into the stomach. Mix a large tea-  
spoonful of it in powder in a tumbler of  
warm water and swallow it at once. If it  
does not act immediately as an emetic take  
another.

A private dispatch from Washington  
to the New York Herald, gives the following  
in regard to the Fishery question.  
WASHINGTON, August 17.  
There is a growing dissatisfaction at the  
indefinite position assumed by England, in  
relation to the fishing matters. Congress  
desires to know whether the headland con-  
struction of the treaty is to be enforced or  
abandoned. There is no assurance of any  
kind that England does not intend or may  
not at any moment, be induced to carry  
out the views of the colonial government.  
Unless this point is definitely settled before  
the end of next week, a resolution will be  
introduced into Congress, and undoubtedly  
passed, imposing a duty of fifty per cent  
"down on" that country in re-tributions.  
The laws of Nova Scotia are more  
stringent than has been imagined, and if  
persisted in, and supported by the British  
government, will throw the whole fishery  
into British hands.

X. Y. Z.  
Since HUMPHREY MARSHALL received  
his appointment to China a move ment  
has been made to give him the pay of a full  
mission—\$9,000 per year salary, and 9.0  
00 unit. If he gets that much, his anti-  
Scott letter will have been pretty well paid  
for. However, just now the SCOTTITES are  
"down on" that arrangement—they say  
Humphrey shan't have the funds—that it  
would be paying him too much for apocryph,  
and they quote a section of the Constitution  
to prohibit him from drawing it from the  
Treasury.

How They Go.  
A subscriber writing to the Ohio States-  
man from New Vienna, Clinton county,  
Ohio, says:  
"The changes that have taken place here  
in the Whig ranks since the Taylor election  
are truly worthy of notice. At that time we  
only numbered some four or five Democrat-  
ic voters in our place, and now we can num-  
ber certainly 35 or 40—and there are many  
others who say by their conduct that they  
will vote for PIERCE AND KING! We  
think we never witnessed a campaign in  
which the Democracy was hailed with such  
a popular breeze. Democrats! do your duty,  
and the VICTORY IS OURS!"

The Hon. John W. Howe, Whig  
member of Congress from the Mercer dis-  
trict in Pennsylvania, made a speech in Con-  
gress a few days since, in which he took de-  
cided ground against Gen. Scott.

NEATLY SAID.—Doctor Beman, of Troy,  
remarked in a sermon lately, that if Frank-  
lin tamened the lightning, Professor Morse  
taught it the English language.

GEORGE EVANS, formerly the great  
guy of Maine, was defeated before the  
Whig Convention of the Kansas Congres-  
sional district. Mayor S. F. Bessow re-  
ceived the nomination. EVANS was one who  
helped SCOTTIZ the party and was